

*The Chronicle History*

Now he weiges time euen to the latestt graine,  
Which you shall finde in your owne losses,  
If we stay in *France*.

*King*. Well, for vs you shall retorne our answer backe  
To our brother of *England*.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.*

*Nim*. Before God heeres hot seruice.

*Pist.* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,  
Gods vassals drop and dye.

*Nim*. Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

*Boy*. Would I were in *London*,  
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.

*Pist.* And I: if wishes would preuaile,  
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

*Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.*

*Flew.* Gods plud, vp to the breaches  
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

*Nim*. Abate thy rage sweete knight,  
Abate thy rage.

*Boy*. Well, I would I were once from them;

They would haue me as familiar  
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their  
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

*Bardolfe* stole a Lute-case, carried it three mile,  
And sold it for three halfe pence.

*Nim* stole a fire-shouell,

I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:

Well, if they will not leaue me,

I meane to leaue them.

*Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower*. Capitaine *Flewellen*, you must come strait  
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

*Flew.*

*of Henry the fift.*

*Flew.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good  
To come to the Mines: the conuaueties is otherwise,  
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd  
Himselfe fise yards vnder the countermines:  
By *Ieshu* I thinke heel blow vp all,  
If there be no better direction.

*Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.*

*King*. How yet resolues the Gouvernor of the Towne?  
This is the latestt parley weel admit;  
Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,  
Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst,  
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts  
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe,  
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued *Harflew*,  
Till in her ashes she be buried,  
The gates of mercy are all shut vp.  
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoid,  
Or guilty in defence be thus destroid?

*Enter Gouvernor.*

*Gower*. Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dolphin, whom of succout we entreated,  
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready  
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,  
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercy:  
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defensue now.

*Enter Katherine and Alice.*

*Kate*. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,  
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,  
Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.

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*Alice.*